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DIARY OF ANNA R. MORRISON, WIFE OF
ISAAC L. MORRISON.

INTRODUCTION.

The diary which follows was written by the late Mrs. Isaac L. Morrison, of Jacksonville, Illinois (then Mrs. George Rapalje), during her journey from New York to Jacksonville in November and December, 1840, to which have been added a few incidents of her early life in Jacksonville written at a slightly later date.

In order to understand some of her allusions, and especially the mental distress under which she was evidently laboring, a few words of explanation are necessary.

The writer was born in New York City, December 27th, 1820, the daughter of Mr. Jonathan and Miriam D. (Weeks) Tucker, and received the best education the city then afforded to young ladies—especially in music, literature and French. Before she was quite fifteen years of age she was married to Mr. George Rapalje, a gentleman of position in New York. Shortly afterward, (it being necessary for Mr. Tucker to leave New York on account of his health) her father and husband established a wholesale mercantile house in Mobile, Ala., and removed their families to that city. There her first child was born, before she was eighteen years of age. On account of its ill health, she was advised to take it to New York. While making the journey on a sailing vessel, the child died. To prevent its burial at sea, she carried it in her arms during the latter part of the voyage and buried it in the family burying ground at Oyster Bay.

In the following year, Mobile was visited by a terrific epidemic of yellow fever. Business was prostrated, the family returned to New York, and a fire in his store added greatly to Mr. Tucker's financial reverses. About the same time Mrs. Rapalje separated from her husband because of offenses on his part which she would never condone.



MRS. ISAAC L. MORRISON

Anna Rebecca Rapalje
was baptized in Christ
Church, Mobile Alabama
by the Rev S. J. David
1st day of March. 1840.
Was confirmed by
Rt Rev Bishop Polk
22^d March 1840.
Commenced in Mobile
and St Ann's Brooklyn.

ANNA REBECCA RAPALJE
BAPTISM MARCH 1ST, 1840

11 Nov 1840. Again have
I left N.Y. this day three years
elapsed my first departure
what a life time of events has been craved
in but three years! This afternoon I was
in Philadelphia, to night in Baltimore.
Oh that the minutes of that night could be
brought in oblivion. I have said enough!!!
Another subject shall occupy my thoughts. -
The dear, dear Mother, God grant and bless
them my sister could I tell you how -
To morrow at 4 o'clock I leave for Hartford
where I take the stage to cross the mountain
Saturday 14th of Nov arrived in Wheeling
at 4 P.M. Stopped at the Virginia, took
supper, then went on board Steamer driving
stage companion Mr Wm J Mills went
to the boat with us, having to in-
tention leave a store of muslin and clothing.
Awfully frightened. 15 Nov - Last
night Mr W came down at 11 and took

EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF
MRS. RAPALJE

During the summer of 1840, Mr. Tucker was again advised to leave New York and the seaboard, on account of pulmonary troubles, and to seek a home in the West. He decided to make an investigation before removing all of his family. For this purpose, Mrs. Rapalje accompanied him, while still suffering from the three causes above mentioned, as only a sensitive, affectionate and proud woman could suffer.

She attracted attention wherever she went, for she was noted for her beauty and wit before she left New York, and was easily the most beautiful and brilliant woman in her new western home.

Her diary tells her story for a brief period, and gives us a glimpse of some of the early characters and customs of Illinois.

MIRIAM MORRISON WORTHINGTON.

DIARY OF MRS. ISAAC L. MORRISON.

11th November, 1840. Again I have left New York. This day three years ago witnessed my departure for Mobile. What a lifetime of events has been crowded into those three years! This afternoon I was in Philadelphia; tonight in Baltimore. Oh, that the miseries of this night could be buried in oblivion! Another subject shall occupy my thoughts. My dear, dear mother! God guard and bless thee. My sister; could I but see her! Tomorrow at 9 A. M. I leave for Frederick, where I take the stage to cross the mountains.

Saturday, 14th November. Arrived in Wheeling at 4 P. M. Stopped at the Virginia House. Took supper, then went on board Steamer Artisan. Our stage companion, Mr. T. T. Mills, went to the boat with us, in the pouring rain. Father had heard stories of murder and robbery, and was dreadfully frightened.

15th November. Last night Mr. Mills came down at 11 and took passage for Cincinnati. Lying in my bed with a headache when the door opened and presented to my sight my mountain breakfast friends, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Bigelow. Mrs. Hall rooms with me tonight. In bed all afternoon, Mr. Duncan reading Mrs. Adams' letters to Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Bigelow. In the evening, conversed with Mrs. B. and Mrs. H. Much pleased. I become acquainted with Mr. Duncan,¹ who was on the Grey Eagle last summer. He read to us.

Monday, November 16th. A warm and animated dispute with Mrs. Bigelow on the Apostolic Foundation of the Episcopal

¹ Governor Joseph Duncan, of Illinois.

Church. She favors Romanism. Mrs. Hall is an Episcopalian. Mr. Duncan came in and read to us the greater part of the day. Mr. Etter, the protector of Mrs. Hall, a very gentlemanly man, resides at Newark. Lost Mrs. Hall at 7 this evening, at Portsmouth. Mrs. Brown is with me tonight. My dear mother and sister! May you be well and comfortable. Could I but see you a moment!

Tuesday, 17th. Last night I overheard a conversation in the next stateroom, in which I occupied a prominent situation. Never was so much amused in my life. I attempted to waken Mrs. Brown, to enjoy it also; but she unfortunately spoke aloud, which stopped the conversation.

I was serenaded often with "A Place in Thy Memory," and "The Carrier Dove." M. sang before last night, but I could not distinguish the words.

Arrived in Cincinnati this morning at 9 o'clock. Left the Artisan and took the Pike for Louisville. M. never bowed to me on board the boat, but this morning while Mrs. Bigelow, Father and I were sitting in the cabin of the Pike, in he walked, much to my amusement—with his curling locks and all his jewelry. He stood a few minutes, spoke some words to Father, wished us a pleasant journey and retired, evidently much excited and confused.

Mr. Duncan amused us by a conversation today.

A few moments ago we were alarmed by a cry of fire. This was in the early evening, and about half an hour after boarding the boat. All passengers on our boat rushed to the deck and were furnished with life preservers by the officers. In a few minutes the passengers had jumped into the water. The only ones remaining on deck were the bridal couple from Boston, father and I. I had on a life preserver, but refused to jump, as I could not see much difference between burning to death and drowning, and meant to stay until the last minute. I did not see why the fire could not be put out, when there was so much water close at hand, and did not believe it would make as much progress as they feared. Fortunately, it was extinguished. How can I be sufficiently thankful to the Almighty for His goodness in preserving me and guarding me through every danger!

Louisville is to be illuminated tonight. General Harrison is there and Mr. Duncan has prepared a speech, which he intends to deliver tonight. They think we will be in time.

Wednesday, 18th. Arrived last night at twelve—too late for the illuminations. Mr. Duncan was obliged to forego his speech. Breakfasted this morning with General Harrison at the Galt House. When I was presented to him by Mr. Duncan, he said something about the “touch of a lady’s hand,” when he took mine. Was much disappointed in him. Shall not at present express an opinion to any one until I have had time to analyze this cause of my disappointment, which at present I do not fully understand.

This morning, Mrs. Bigelow left us for St. Louis. I employed myself till dinner writing to my dear mother. What are they doing? Is mother any worse? How wretched I am, sometimes!

Thursday, 19th. A dull, weary day, without an event to enliven its monotony. Went into the parlor and conversed with Mrs. Warfield, from Lexington. No letters from home. I am distracted between hope and fear. God preserve you, dear ones!

Friday, 20th. Sewed this morning; walked out this afternoon and am truly wretched tonight. Must devise some plan of action to render my situation tolerant. Assist me, merciful God; watch and direct me. In Thee I trust, oh, Lord! No letters today. Are they ill?

Saturday, 21st. No letters. Why do they not write? They almost make me crazy.

Sunday, 22nd. Rained. I could not go to church. Wrote home, but will not send it today. This morning, in conversing with Mrs. Warfield, she gave me a description of a friend of hers, Mr. Dudley Hadyn, an Eastern and European Traveler; a Parisian gentleman, but a native of Kentucky. Mrs. Warfield left this morning. If I had imagined she regarded me as more than a stranger, I would have given her my card. She supposes me to be Miss Tucker.

Tonight, in the bar-room, father discovered an acquaintance, Henry Lazerus, of Mobile.

Monday, 23rd. Mr. Lazerus breakfasted with us this morning. I was sitting alone in the parlor this morning, about twelve, when the servant advanced toward me with a note in her hand. I had no acquaintances in the place and it alarmed me a little, as my imagination presented a writer. I took it.

It was addressed to "Miss Tucker." I opened it and found it to be from Mrs. Warfield, introducing Mr. Hadyn. I knew not what to do. As Miss Tucker, I could not receive. I went upstairs and told father and I concluded to go down and explain, which I did. He is a most perfect gentleman. He gave father his address and left us. I was both sorry and amused at the adventure. I daresay he enjoyed it. This afternoon I luckily discovered from Miss Raine that in the evening she expected two gentlemen who were coming to be introduced to Miss Tucker. I told her I was Mrs. Rapalje, not Miss Tucker, and put an end to the coming farce.

No letters today. How long do they intend to keep us here? I am discouraged.

Sunday, Dec. 8th. How long it is since I have written in this little book! Procrastination and incidents relative to travelers have prevented my pursuing my intention of writing every night.

The 25th. I received a letter. They were as usual. What pleasure it gave me to see their writing!

Was introduced to Mr. Bates. He is a good-natured man; was very anxious for us to go to a concert which he said was attracting the elite of the town.

Every boat so crowded we could not get a berth. Got on board the Transit Saturday, 28th; was snagged and broke our wheel the night of the 2nd of December. Ashore on an island. Thursday they had a deer hunt; killed a buck. In the afternoon, I went on the island. It is uninhabited; about 70 miles below St. Louis. We got off Friday morning, and Friday night she struck another snag and tore a hole in her hull. We were in the widest part of the river, in the middle. If the aperture had been larger, she would have sunk before we could have reached the shore. As it was, they were obliged to take out the cargo. The hold was full of water. They found the hole, mended it, and we started once more—on Saturday morning. After we reached the shore, I thought we would be obliged to leave the boat, and a night in the woods, where the water was freezing, had no charms for me. Again must I offer my feeble thanks to the Great and Mighty God who has so mercifully preserved not only my life, but saved me from exposure and cold, and the water. How little do I merit it! Oh, Thou Glorious Being, whose attributes and mercies are so great that the human mind must be lost in wonder at its nobleness, how Thou hast regarded

and cared for so trifling and humble a creature! Words cannot express my feelings. God, Thou knowest my heart. I thank Thee.

This morning I visited the Episcopal Church (in St. Louis). The discourse was upon Dives' regard for his brethren.

Monday, Dec. 7. Wrote to my dear Mrs. Wilson.¹ Walked through some of the principal streets. I am agreeably disappointed in St. Louis. It is a fine city. We are at the City Hotel. Applied at the National, but could not get rooms. I like this house. They set a good table; no style, but everything very good. St. Louis requires larger hotels. One large one will be opened in two months. It is a fine building, delightfully situated. I was much pleased in the appearance of the jail. It fully realized my idea of a place of confinement; low, stone building surrounded by a high stone wall; not high enough, I think.

Received but one letter from mother, dated 17th of November. God bless and protect them!

There is a lady whom I met in the parlor who is a living table of prices current. She can talk nothing else. Sitting by the fire in a reverie sufficiently deep to produce some philosophic or scientific idea, she will suddenly utter the words, "What does butter sell for in the city?" From her countenance and manner, one would fancy her an intelligent woman; but on no other subject is she conversable. If I were an editor, I should consider her a valuable wife; for she is perfectly competent to give a daily table of prices. If I knew a little more of bank or railroad stock, I would attack. As it is, she is to me truly formidable. This evening, a visit from Mrs. B—— bringing an invitation from Mrs. C——, who is from Maine and quite fashionable-looking people, to visit her in her room. I thought she ought to call on me, and I told Mrs. B. that I would be engaged. I do not know but I ought to have gone, for the manner of the invitation was equivalent to a call.

Father had a visit from R. Rundle Smith, Philadelphia, and John H. Greene, England, this afternoon. He was out, and they left their names.

If it were not for the hope of receiving a letter tomorrow, I should urge father to leave more strongly than I have. He does not seem disposed to go.

¹ Mrs. L. M. Wilson, of Mobile, Ala.

Tuesday, 8th. A letter from Ma and Amelia this morning, containing unpleasant information about the furniture. Mr. Cole has not done as I wished about it.

I discovered this morning that I made a mistake in the person whom I took for Mrs. C. The Mrs. C. is a dashing woman with blue silk dress, red cuffs, black and pink cape, a quantity of showy jewelry. I thought it best to call, as she invited, and this afternoon I went down. As usual, I found out it was through some gentleman's curiosity and admiration that I received the extraordinary invitation. Was invited in the evening to come again, but I did not go. Did not admire Mr. C. much, and I was determined not to gratify the gentleman by an introduction to me. Wrote to E. Thompson tonight. If I could only see Ma and Meel for a few minutes!

Wednesday, Dec. 9th. Left St. Louis for Springfield at 11 this morning in the mail stage; dined two miles this side of Collinsville; venison for dinner, but it was wretchedly cooked. In the parlor there was a piano, center table, and glass case containing curiosities.

After we crossed the Mississippi, we passed through some woodland and then came to what they call the American Bottom. It seems to me that this land must once have been the bed of a stream, for it is bounded on one side by high, sandy and rocky bluffs from 50 to 200 feet high. Could the majestic Mississippi have once rolled over this ground, and, for some wild fancy, deserted and sent its mighty waters in another channel?

After we passed the "bottom," we came to a prairie upon which were numerous mounds which I at first supposed to be the remains of Indian; but they are nature's work and probably have been sandbars around which the current of waters has swept. We passed through Edwardsville and arrived at Bunker Hill at 8 P. M., where we supped and remain until $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 tomorrow morning. Our room is directly over the bar, and I fear we will be much disturbed by the talking below.

Thursday, Dec. 10th. As I thought, they talked all night and I did not sleep at all; got up at two, started at half-past two; rode 19 miles to Carlinville; there we took breakfast by candle-light. We arrived just as the day dawned at this little cabin, and were met by a young woman, whom we asked if she could give us breakfast immediately, to which she answered, "Yes." She gave us a seat by the fire and immediately commenced the

proceedings for breakfast. First, she took out a long-handled frying pan and, resting the handle on a chair before the wood fire in the fireplace, she put in some coffee, which she quickly parched. Removing the coffee and washing out the frying pan, she made a "pone" of corn bread and put it in to bake. Then she ground and prepared the coffee, which she proceeded to make in a pot over the fire. Then the performance was varied by the movement of first one curtain and then another, from behind which came men who had been guests at the cabin over night, and each as he emerged immediately took the wash basin and went out of doors to perform his ablutions and returned ready for breakfast.

After the "pone" was done, the "lady of the house" cut some bacon, put that in the pan and fried it, and then asked me if I would like some eggs, which she fried, and in a few minutes we were called to breakfast—for which we paid four shillings apiece, and which I must say I ate with a good appetite, for its very novelty was interesting to me. The table was a plain wooden one, and while I had a cup and saucer, the rest of the guests had tin cups. ("Pone" and "dip" are expressions much used here).

Started again, and arrived in Springfield at half-past three P. M.; stopped at the American Hotel. The Legislature is sitting here, the house is crowded and I did not get a room till 8 o'clock. There was a ball here tonight and they made a dressing-room of the ladies' parlor, and I sat there and viewed them all as they came in. A number of the ladies carried bundles in their arms and were accompanied by maids. The bundles, which were a mystery to me, were deposited on the bed, where the mystery soon developed, for the bundles began to kick and squeal, as hungry babies will. The mothers, after performing their maternal duties, wrapped the infants up again and left them with many charges to nurse-maids not to mix them up. The ladies were handsomely dressed, but not in the latest style. They wore handsome gowns of silk and satin, made with low necks and short sleeves.

No fireplace in my room. Heartsick.

Friday, Dec. 11th. One month since we left them! It seems a year. In the parlor all day. Conversed with the ladies—Mrs. Davis, from Alton, Mrs. Hocum, Miss Ellen Field and cousin, Miss Edmonson, Vandalia, and a lady whose name sounds like "Bleahard," from Monticello.

This morning, while sitting in the parlor of the hotel by the fire, Minerva and Murilla McConnel and James McDougall joined the circle. My father, who was downstairs, shortly made his appearance, accompanied by Murray McConnel,¹ whom he presented to me and who, in turn, introduced me to² his daughters. James McDougall³ is to marry Murilla McConnel.

Saturday, Dec. 12th. Did not get up to breakfast. Feel heartsick, the prospect is so dreary. What are we to do? They are hoping and expecting to hear our decision, and here we are, not knowing which way to go. Merciful God, guide and direct us.

Mrs. Hocum came in to see if I was sick. Mrs. Davis came in and invited me to the parlor. The people are very kind. I was introduced to Judge Martin, Colonel Buckmaster³ and Mr. Walker.⁴ Judge Martin is Master in Chancery; the Colonel is sheriff and Mr. W. is a lawyer. I have also met Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Stewart (Stuart) and have been introduced to some of the members of the Legislature, but have forgotten their names. Introduced to Mr. Judd,⁵ from Chicago. He told father that Griswold lived there and a sister of Mr. G. called Miss Dunham. I wonder if it is not Mrs. Townsend?

This evening, they had a Mr. Davis, Clerk of the Senate, in the parlor, who sang for us most delightfully "The Old Arm Chair." Almost made me sob aloud. He sang a medley of his own arrangement. The most amusing thing I ever heard. There were parts of 21 airs in it. He accompanied himself on the guitar. Mr. Walker sang, "He Never Said He Loved"—half frightened to death; his voice failed him.

Sunday, Dec. 13th. Did not get up till dinner; too wet to go out, and no fireplace in my room. I thought I could read and meditate if I laid in my bed till I was obliged to get up. Went to Church this afternoon; Episcopal. A small wooden building that you would never imagine was a Church. They intend to build a new one next summer. The State House is a fine building, not quite finished yet.

¹ Prominent lawyer and politician of Jacksonville, then a member of the State Senate.

² Later U. S. Senator from California.

³ Col. Nathaniel Buckmaster of Alton.

⁴ Cyrus Walker, a presidential elector in 1839.

⁵ Norman B. Judd, well known lawyer and politician.

No one can know the definition of "Mud" until they come to Springfield. I think scrapers and mats must be fast selling articles here.

This evening, talked with Colonel Buckmaster; very kind. He said if we would remain a few days longer, he would lend us his horses and buggy five or six days. He is a widower.

Mr. Walker recommended Danville as a pleasant residence. Left the parlor quite early and went to my room. Before tea, I wrote to dear mother; tonight, to sister and Meg.

Monday, Dec. 18th. Started at 11 A. M. for Athens, 15 miles from Springfield. Five miles from Springfield, we crossed the Sangamon River; drove in. It was over the wheels, and such a mud bank! It was a terrible sight to see their exertions. They sprang and flounced in the mud. I never wish to go up again. We did not know the road, and whirled about on a large prairie, not knowing which road to take. Drove to the only house in sight and found it inhabited by chickens only, which were not able to give us the necessary information. It was intensely cold and I suffered very much. We at last found our way to Athens. It is beautifully situated, but the town is comprised of log houses placed directly on the street. Directly opposite the house, there is a man very low with the pleurisy. I wish I was in Springfield again. No, if I had my wishes, they would be this: to be seated between my dear mother and sister. I feel very nervous tonight. How quickly all my philosophic and stoical reasoning vanishes before one thought of that dear mother! How vain and foolish is all human reasoning, and I too often find that I am not the calm, dispassionate being that I would be. By slacking the tight rein which I constantly hold on my feelings, and giving way one moment, I lose as much self control as it will take weeks to recover. I will this once indulge myself. It can cause no grief to others. This paper cannot feel. Tears, so great a luxury, for nearly two years have I denied myself. I would not grieve, by their traces on my countenance, those who love me. How little does any one think who views my smiling face, of the mighty current of feeling which sometimes almost checks the beating of my heart. I fear sometimes that this checking of emotion will cause my death. The feeling is a peculiar one. It is a pause in all the pulsations of the body, with a perfect retention of my mental powers. It causes no visible changes, and one may be conversing with me and be totally unsuspecting of any agony within. It is almost immedi-

ately succeeded by a throbbing sensation about the temples, and a look, a word or action which recalls some past reminiscence will cause it. And thus I suffer—fortunately, unknown to anyone. Many have been my trials. New ones are added day by day. But, oh, it is my earnest prayer that I may be carried safely through and at last reach my home in Heaven. My sins are great; but oh, dear Jesus, Thy blood is sufficient, and may I have faith and love to reach Thy feet and wash myself clean in Thy blood. How variable are my feelings! Sometimes I long to leave this world and feel secure of my place in that happy land—and again clinging to earth and its creatures; thoughts of my own unworthiness; want of faith; the knowledge of being sinful and unprofitable, yet so held down by Satan that I have not the power to shake him off. Oh, merciful Father, be ever near me in those moments, and when so enthralled, send Thy Holy Spirit to burst the bonds and let it soar to Thee in prayer. Wilt Thou watch over those loved ones, oh, God? I would ask Thee to keep their souls from sin. Oh, increase their love for Thee. Let them feel that Thou art the Rock of Ages.

We return to Springfield, tomorrow. They are very kind people here. I feel very sorry for the old man. This place is to be sold tomorrow. They are very poor.

Tuesday, Dec. 15. I expect the old man died about 10 last night, and the shrieks of his family were dreadful. In that still, dark room, they rang on my ear and almost crazed me. May I be forgiven for the unjust suspicions which, after going to my room, I entertained of the people. It was a dismal room, and full of strange holes. I knew the pressing want of the old man, and I knew not what act he might be tempted to commit. The driver, who slept in the next room, was one of McKenzie's patriots—which knowledge only increased my fear, and I determined not to sleep till daylight.

Not long after I had retired, father came and aroused me in a very quiet manner, saying: "Get up as quick as you can, and dress yourself. There are very strange noises and something strange going on downstairs. Take this bowie knife and defend yourself, if necessary. I have my sword cane and we will do the best we can." We sat for an hour or more and heard heavy breathing and groans and the tread of feet hurrying backwards and forwards, and then the sound of nailing and sawing, and of whispering voices. And shortly we heard sobs and women crying, which reassured us in some degree. I thought if I only

had a candle. that I could read my Bible and it would have relieved me. I tried repeatedly before I could compose myself for prayer. I believe nervousness to be one of Satan's temptations. However, we soon made up our minds that the old man was dead and a coffin was being made, though we were not entirely at rest as to the danger of our position until daylight, when a crying woman came and called us and told us breakfast would soon be ready, and I ventured to ask her what was the matter. She replied that her father had died during the night. The sounds we heard were caused by relatives and neighbors coming and preparing for the burial. While feeling the greatest sympathy for the people, it was a great relief to us to know that there was no danger of robbery or murder.

We concluded we had had enough of Athens, and left at 9 A. M. for Springfield, and took a different route. We came through Sangamon Town. The river is more easily forded at this place. A bad hill to ascend, but not so muddy. The town consists of a mill and two other houses. A dangerous hill to descend; one skittish horse.

Arrived in Springfield, to dinner. My new friends all appeared pleased to see me. The Colonel B. distressingly polite. Mr. Walker was civil, but the Colonel would give him no chance.

Mrs. Davis very agreeable. They offered every inducement for me to remain, but I shall leave at three tomorrow morning.

Wednesday, Dec. 16th. Arrived in Jacksonville at 11 A. M. Passed over a beautiful country. Breakfast at candlelight. ——— seemed to be in the eyes of several persons the most desirable thing on the table. For ten miles out of Jacksonville, there are farms in a high state of cultivation and houses that would be respectable anywhere. Jacksonville is a pretty place; a good road between Jacksonville and Springfield. We are at the Morgan House, kept by a Mr. Scott.

I feel lonely and sad. Six years ago tonight, I stood arrayed in bridal habiliments. What a change six years has wrought! Then a child, not quite fifteen; tonight a thoughtful, saddened woman—with nothing to cheer me but the prospect of an eternity spent in Heaven. Oh, that my faith may not prove fallacious! Oh, that I am not deceived in myself! Satan may be busy and have lulled me with the idea of forgiveness. Jesus, if rightly sought, can forgive all. Oh, that I may be in the right path!

Sunday, 20th Dec. Jacksonville, Ill. Yesterday I wrote and received a letter from my dear mother. I fear she is not as well as she would have us think. Amelia is well. Margaret appears in good spirits. Today, one year ago, Margaret, Amelia, father and I went to the Court House¹ for the first time. Mr. Lewis preached. It was crowded to excess. I could not help contrasting the difference today as I wended my way, unknowing and unknown, to the Episcopal Church in this place, to last year when our carriage drove up, numerous friends greeted us, expressed their pleasure at our coming to Episcopal service. From that Sunday, I date my love for the Episcopal service. I was struck by its singular beauty. Mr. Lewis' mild, expressive and affectionate delivery served to soothe my feelings which, for months, had been strongly excited on the subject of religion. Mr. Meyer preached today; the same person whom I heard in St. Louis. I have been twice today. This morning, Mr. Meyers omitted the commandments, and changed his gown during the psalm. The hymn was sung after the sermon.

Today, year, Molt came to see us immediately after morning Church, and brought his dog, about whom he made a speech which amused us very much.

I could not have thought I was so much attached to Mobile as my absence from it proves to me.

What are dear Mother, Amelia and Mag² doing tonight? One year since, we were all at home. It is useless to repine. Through the mercy of God we may all again be united.

Wednesday, Dec. 23. This afternoon Father met Mr. — and several others. Tonight, I attended a sewing meeting in Mrs. Bucklin's³ parlor. Judge Breese,⁴ McConnell, Judge Martin, Judge Lockwood,⁵ Mr. Sturtevant⁶ and Col. Buckmaster called this evening. I was introduced to all the ladies; very much pleased with Mrs. McClure,⁷ Mrs. Rockwell⁸ and Mrs. Post.⁹

¹ Episcopal services in Mobile were held in the Court House after the Church edifice was destroyed by fire. Mrs. Rapalje was confirmed by Bishop Polk, afterward a Confederate General.

² Miss Margaret Napier, a cousin, still (1914) living in Brooklyn in her 94th year.

³ Wife of James Bucklin, engineer of the Illinois & Michigan Canal.

⁴ Judge Sidney Breese.

⁵ Judge Samuel D. Lockwood of the Supreme Court of Illinois.

⁶ J. M. Sturtevant, afterward and for many years, president of Illinois College at Jacksonville.

⁷ Wife of Judge Henry B. McClure.

⁸ Wife of Dennis Rockwell.

⁹ Sister of Mrs. McClure and wife of Rev. Truman Post, then a professor in Illinois College.

Thursday, 24th. What a lovely day it has been! I have had a nervous headache all day; did not leave my room until tea time. This morning Col. Buckmaster and Mr. Douglas¹ called. Miss Wolkman sat an hour with me this afternoon. Mrs. Rockwell and Mrs. McClure called. I am very much pleased with them. Mr. and Mrs. Hardin² invited father and me to tea. As they had not called, I wanted to decline.

One year ago today, Mag and I went down town; met Mott.³ He came home with us; did not go in. Two years ago today, I held with a mother's pride my lovely babe, who is now an angel in Heaven. Three years today, preparing for company on Christmas. Mr. Rearney was to dine with us. Perhaps in another, I will have passed from this earth. Oh, that it may be with my dear child in Heaven. Now I am in Jacksonville. One year ago, had I been told my present situation, I should have deemed it improbable! Fickle, fickle fortune!

My dear mother and sister! Could I but see you tonight! A happy Christmas to you. Even as I am placed, I will rejoice. It is the anniversary of the birth of our blessed Saviour. The Lamb of God, through whose precious blood my child was, and I hope to be, made pure enough to occupy a place in Heaven. Blessed Jesus, who clothed Thyself in mortality and suffered physical death; Thou knowest the weakness of the human heart. Endow me with strength to do Thy will! Forgive my sins, and if in a year I am not still on earth to again rejoice in the event, which has ransomed so many, may I be in Heaven, singing praises to Thy glorious name.

Mr. Duncan called and asked us to tea tomorrow night. His wife is an invalid and, he explained, could not call. Father knew her father and mother in New York and had met them again in Washington.

Friday, Dec. 25. Father and I went to Trinity Church.⁴ The building is not unlike an Eastern Church. Mr. Duncan's⁵ carriage came for us, and we went to their house, which is in a grove and quite far in the country. When I saw the china, which is like my dear mother's pink tea set, I could only with

¹ Judge Stephen A. Douglas.

² John J. Hardin.

³ A brother of L. M. Wilson, first president of the M. & O. R. R.

⁴ The same edifice is still standing, but now faces State street. It then faced Morgan street.

⁵ Governor Joseph Duncan.

great difficulty restrain my tears. Oh, my Father in Heaven, will that another Christmas we may be united in New York.

The other guests were some people connected with Illinois College.

Sunday, Dec. 27. Twenty years old today.

Monday, Dec. 28th. Started early this morning for Waverly; arrived about 11 o'clock. The driver took us to the only house he knew of where strangers were received; a shocking place. The room assigned to me and which I might call a garret, is reached by means of a ladder going up from the summer kitchen.

Jan. 2, 1841. There was a dance at this house last evening, at which the principal residents of Apple Creek and the surrounding country were present. In the morning, before breakfast, the big turkey gobbler was put in a tremendously big pot over the fire, and I was informed that I would not have any dinner, but just a "piece" at noon. The gobbler boiled until afternoon, when he was taken out of the pot and put into the oven before the fire to roast for supper, and there was cake of "a fearful and wonderful" construction. The guests having arrived supper was eaten at early candlelight. The room was illuminated by numerous "dips," and the guests being happy and hilarious, the supper passed off much to their satisfaction. The table was quickly cleared and, the fiddlers making their appearance, the crowd was soon arranged for the dancing. Each woman carried a very large pocket handkerchief, about a yard and a half square, which she held by both hands stretched out in front of her, except when one hand was given to the partner in the dance. I was invited to dance, but, not understanding those dances, I declined—but was a highly amused looker-on. I retired at about ten o'clock, but I think the gaiety was kept up until nearly morning.

Mr. Cleveland J. Salter called on us today and very kindly told us that he had a couple of rooms at our disposal, if I would take a room with his daughter—and they would give up one room entirely to father. They have a very nice, large brick house with 20 acres for the dooryard, and we have accepted their kind offer.

I am pleasantly situated at Mr. Salter's with Miss Julia for my roommate, and with no drawback except the wolves, which come up so frequently into the barnyard and howl, and which I fancy climb sometimes up to the second story window and are looking

at me. I am passing the time studying Metaphysics, Latin, and improving myself in spiritual knowledge. The Salters are a pious family; like Julia Salter very much. Mrs. Salter very amiable. Have made the acquaintance of a number of very pleasant people in Waverly and have attended one delicious "tea", which I shall always remember, at the home of Dr. Brown.¹

March 1, '41. We decided to come to Quincy, which has been highly recommended to us, and with which we are very much pleased. We had looked at a very pleasant house on the banks of the Mississippi and were just waiting to see the landlord, when we were informed that the city has been ravaged by bilious fever and the inhabitants of that house had suffered fearfully. It has decided us on leaving Quincy.

We have returned to Jacksonville, by the way of Meredosia. We came by train to this city, the railroad following what is known as the "State Road," and its tracks being laid down the principal street and the station, or stopping place, is in the center of the Public Square. When about a mile or so out of town, the engine, which had been traveling at a tortoise pace, was halted and a man got out and preceded the engine on foot—in which style we came through the town, passing the hotel and other houses on the main street, going up to the "Square" and stopping at the station in the center, much to my amusement. I got out and walked over to the Morgan House.

A few additional words of explanation may be of interest to those who have found a human interest in this diary, and from its narration of facts.

Mr. Tucker decided to engage in business in Jacksonville and rented a storeroom under the Morgan House, afterward the Park House. For a residence he rented the Bibb cottage on East Court street (where the Roman Catholic school now stands) not far from the residence of John J. Hardin. The two families formed ties of the closest friendship.

Early in May, 1841, they were joined by Mrs. and Miss M. A. Tucker, the remaining members of the family. Within about a year they purchased and removed to the property on Grove street, afterward known as "The Morrison Place."

¹ His daughter is the widow of Rev. E. A. Tanner, for many years president of Illinois College.

Although Mrs. Rapalje had ample ground to obtain a divorce from her husband, she would not apply for one, but in time Mr. Rapalje sought a divorce from her in the courts of Mobile on the ground of abandonment, and it was granted for that cause. They had no children to be cared for.

Mr. Tucker returned to New York in 1846 to investigate a favorable proposal to enter into business there again, when he was taken suddenly ill and died before word could reach his family.

Mrs. Rapalje then found an opportunity to make practical use of her excellent training in music and French by teaching those subjects in the Methodist College, now known as the Illinois Woman's College.

Meanwhile, her list of friends rapidly extended and included all the leading men and women of Jacksonville, some of whom are mentioned in her diary. It also included such men as Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas. Of the former she predicted at an early day that he would sometime be president of the United States.

In 1851, a young lawyer came from Kentucky to Jacksonville—Mr. Isaac L. Morrison. He soon met Mrs. Rapalje, a mutual love affair ensued, and they were married in 1853. Thus the tragedy of her early life was replaced by a happy union, which continued, with great mutual devotion, throughout their lives.

M. M. W.